



Canibus Lyrics

"Intro"

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'
And now its time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhh)

[Verse 1:]

No rapper could rap quite like I can
You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man
I had to rock to a beat like this to show you
That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you
I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do
You can't rap or act my main man
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus
You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up
And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough
To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough
Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters
You're dead

[Verse 2:]

There's a rumor going around that I got dropped
200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop
300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math
Thats 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass
All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death
Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef
And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said
The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recka
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date
See when you was making records like I need love
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 3:]

You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle
You and your man Russell made a better couple
Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from
Your being watched even when you take a dump
Its impossible to front, you can't hide
The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes
Your living one big lie the world just don't know
You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode
The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude
God knows that I pitty your fans for backing you
Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote
You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.
The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive
Your prime ended 8 months before '99
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 4:]

I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn
Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted
Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband
And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in
You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama
Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas
Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you
Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you
Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth
Cause she don't know what she talking about
Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters
Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter
You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines
I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time
You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga
If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller
You're dead

Canibus Lyrics

"Genabis"

[Genabis]

This is Genabis, Remember this

[Canibus]

In the beginning I discovered wordplay
I experimented with some syllables from the first to the third day
On the fourth I searched for the words to say
How to compress complex verbiage in the least amount of space
I was perfect at it and mastered the tactic's
On the fifth day I decided I would combine it with mathematics
On the sixth day I became a fanatic and I couldn't kick the habit
I would just look in the mirror and practice
On the seventh cycle, I had to take the day off
I was exhausted I guessed my work will never pay off
But if it happened it to him, it could happen to me
And if it happened to me, it was destined to be

[Chorus: x2]

Yo, Genabis, Exobus, Levibus

There ain't a mic on this planet I'm restricted to touch
I read the cosmo's but God wrote predicted as much
The inhabitants lack faith but resistance is tough

[Canibus]

They backslide back to church and call a minister's bluff
They rather remain unenlightened then listen to Bus
I blew the fuck up, even though it was short and abrupt
I was the first rapper to ever to close orbit the sun
One small step for man, one huge step for mankind
...I am the red giant of rhymes
Solar deflectors, incinerate you whole in a second
Flow is untested those that I've threatened fold under pressure
At 120 Beta cycles, high volts ignite your eyeballs
Until you see the fire in front of you
Optic cone rods, melt one at a time till you realize you in hell
Rip the Jacker's not done with you
I terrorize the rap community with impunity
Blow you to pieces and move elusively thru the debris
What my enemies want to do to me is old news to me
Those that pursue to me will never get thru to me

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

First rapper to speak over beats dogmatically
Mixed with Elizabethian drama and tragedy
My motto is to dress casually and live lavishly

Look at the Victorian tapestry in back of me
Notice the post renaissance pictures I drew
Hand sketched drawings of the deserts in Nazca Peru
The followable audio propagates the possible truth
For proof I'm the illest so the choice is not unto you
See the standard ideological definition of a rap model
Its Canibus scholarly periodicals
The article is substantially impressive, more then a message
A working thesis from several different perspectives
The Rosetta stone of sentences
For rap music's tentative
Enter apprentices
This is Genabis
The Rosetta stone of sentences
For rap music's tentative
Enter apprentices
This is Genabis

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Levitibus"

"You want power...but you're not big enough
so you steal it piece by piece..
take it in spoils...and step by step you'll weaken and the power is gone"

Levitibus..

I wanted some power of the chakra
with mofulean darkness describin what I see in the process
stone statues surrounded by neolithic objects
ceoglyphs on the pompa
a dose of the palamine, niggaz will feel like a dream
the dreamstate is the playground for the supreme
critics attempt to follow a trend
today they call me a Charlotten but tomorrow I will be a God of men
to create a universe all I need
is 1000, trillion, trillion degrees
so with 22, betatrons in the cloud chamber
keep the noise down so I don't arouse my neighbors
got a message from the falcon in the snow man
another note in a Coca Cola can
showed the whole planet in coded program
enrypted by a pro-scan modem with a lowband
hold up, let me load it in

"Darling I am a scientist..(you're a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I was created by intelligent design
you are merely a descendant of the immodified
you diss me out of pride
but when you're finished talkin bout one of your bitches you're simply out of rhymes
even my worst album was sublime
if I don't slow down, I'll distort the timeline
back through the time, turned into a 100 bars again
a master like the honorable Earl of Cannaben
the grand architect
used to be a partisan to LeMarketson's theory but I lost the bet
no regrets, you live and you learn
I'm through givin advice, I just give concern
sterilize my hands to prevent catchin the germs
and try to rebuild all the bridges I've burned
I prefer modesty over con-troversy
but what am I to do when these jerks keep botherin me
jealius cuz they cant rhyme like me
and they never had a scientific mind like me

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)

None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)

vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I'm above average with verbal semantics
the aurora borialis in the form of a rap ballad

you look at me like "poor bastard"

why cant you manipulate billboards with all your metaphor magic?"

no matter how hard I practiced

every microphone I sorta grabbed it

obviously thats the wrong tactic

I went through a long period of mourning and sadness when I wrote that Stan shit

but if you wanna see some hardcore Canibus just say so

and I'll come out the eggroll with seven death scrolls

if you can find a better flow?

then I can find a dinosaur on the Galapagos archipelago

hey you shouldn't fall for the naivette

lyrically I'm the illest when my beats is ok

food for thought, nutrition for the whole brain

keep your neurotransmitters warm on a cold day

I'm ahead of my time, or so they say

I guess thats why I already feel old and grey

okay, thats enough knowledge for today, I'm killin em

you best not forget it cuz this is Levibus

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)

None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)

vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

Canibus Lyrics

"M Sea Cresy"

"Those who create literature know first-hand
just how difficult creating meaning can be..

..There are no options now..

...If I weren't a writer, I think I'd be a total psychological mess"

out of the imbelicus wombdee, this is lyrical lunacy
from a human being that speaks so fluently
bars of poetry without precedence
complete par excellence, listen to the Levitibus Testament
to understand me you need help
you gotta see the film "The Day After Trinity" written by John Else
to understand that, you must know thy self
you should keep listening cuz Canibus flow might help

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
the incredible, lyrical, and original
rapper's still with the crime on top"

find the answers that we didnt know, maybe Edgar Allan Poe's
description of El Dorado is not so
see the reason there's no light at the end of tunnel
is cuz we're really not in a tunnel, we're trapped in a bubble
the government hired Ian LeDrexis society
can you explain why you believe hell is firey?
we sufferin from symptons of Drapetamania
slavery isn't over, it just took a new alias
the day the repository established with a maintenance
almost turned me into an atheist scared of aliens
why write lyrics when I make a better livin
sellin freeze dried venom to wildlife clinics?
cuz I hate the thought of bein a predictable bore
once you get used to me you wont love me no more
the final soliloquy of the internal paramour
what are we all to do when rap music is gone?
I hope god that the imagination of one
a golden tongue can achieve synchronicity with the sun
transcended beyond the flesh and the blood
cuz this is #1, after this album my message is done

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps

...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
the incredible, lyrical, and original
rapper's still with the crime on top"

yeah you can't battle me, so you'd rather embarrass me
I maintain dignity in the face of calamity
they reach out they hand to me and talk this honesty
but I read through their syntactic structure like Nome Chopski
a student so overzealous I motivate my trainers
id rather get some now then get some later
take a break from writin rhymes on paper
you've been dissin my character
change my nature with seven days of Opasana
let go of the stress, man I was deeply depressed
so famished in fact, I needed a rest
to regenerate my mind
bless the cornerstone of my rhyme with corn oil and wine
to see the light in the luminous paradigm
that became more apparent with time, all I had to do was follow the signs
to be a better man, I need help
I just gotta find an inner link between my deity and myself

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
..Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
..off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
..I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
..please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
..the incredible, lyrical, and original
..rapper's still with the crime on top"

"People are usually terrified of poetry
and they don't realize that its just speech
it is language that is sometimes extraordinary
but there are ways to deal with it without worrying about it the way they do"

Canibus Lyrics

"No Return"

No return... [x6]

[Verse One]

Yo, scientists gather in a secret place to debate
They photographed the Earth from space and saw my face
They tried to translate the innate asiatic shape
before the final earthquakes came but it was too late
Only one eighth of the human race escaped to space
They were chased by flying phenomenon to the lunar base
Floatillas and space centers, lasers probed the entrance
DNA code sensors reject old genetics
I presented my cosmic clearance to a patrol of medics
I was injected with sodium pentathol and questioned
I relayed the message the way I was trained to remember it
I showed them the keypad code and told 'em to enter it
I told 'em which alphanumeric buttons were sensitive
He snatched it outta my hand and started depressing it
I told him detonation was definite if he kept at it
He never quit, he just lost his temper and flipped
I bowed my head like "I guess this is it"
My ears popped, the music stopped, and I couldn't hear shit

[Hook]

[Verse Two]

The driver jogged around to the front and opened the door
He said his name was Muhammed Jamal and he'd be with me 'till fall
He said the escort service had called
and a package would be waitin for me at the window
I said thanks, he grabbed my bags fast and put 'em in the trunk
Then he ran around to the front, slammed it in gear
Pulled off slow, winding down his window
and asked me if I minded if he smoke, I said no, he drove off
Cut my cell phone off, then I swallowed a tablet of Zoloft
Went to sleep and woke up feelin' kinda lost
I asked him what the weather's been like lately
he said he doesn't mind the heat and hates the A/C
Said he had a son who was eighteen and made beats
and I happened to be his favorite emcee
I said for real, that's crazy, I meet him later
Yo Jamal could you please do me a favor
When we get to the corner stop at the bodega
Hopped out the car, walked inside
the store's stereo was playin' Feliz Navidad
I got a pack of condoms and walked to the back of the line
There was three Taliban that was talkin' very loud
One reached in his back side and pulled out a Beretta gun

The last word I heard myself say was a four letter one
He looked me in the eye and said the drama's never done
Cuz there's no return...no return

[Hook]

[Verse Three]

I heard the ringtone of the red phone
Headquarters informed us there was an explosion in the red zone
We were ordered to get ready to go
and to get into our bio-weapons protective gear and clothes
I rode shotgun, my partner Ramirez drove
GPS control gave us coordinates where to go
Soon as we got there I could feel the hot air
For a second I stopped and stared, there was cops everywhere
I told 'em we need to get a square perimeter clear
We got an hour 'till nightfall, so light some flares
I said a twenty second prayer then ran to the second chair-
the lift that was there, then I waved my hands up in the air
to signal that it was clear before I ran upstairs
I could barely see, smoke was so thick in the air
I was visually impaired and started to get scared
I heard a woman scream "HELP" but I didn't know where
I started screamin' back "I'm not gonna leave you here"
Sayin to myself "damn it's hard to breathe in here"
Searched the rooms one by one like "fuck my lungs"
Ramirez said the fire truck got stuck by the front
I crawled all the way through the foyer to the end of the hallway
and seen her on the floor next to the doorway
I was half unconscious but I just ignored the pain
Helped her to her feet and she had her arm in a brace
All this tar-like black stuff was all in her face
I radio Ramirez coughin and tried to explain
I heard him say something to me like "It's all in flames!"
There was ceiling debris fallin all over the place
I looked her in her eye, she looked into mine, it was strange
Then I blinked for the last time and never saw her again

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Spartibus"

[Canibus]

Yeah, This is Spartibus

Yo, yo, yo

You wanna spar wit 'bus, then let's get started 'cuz
Atomic thrusts turn you into cosmic dust
Bomb ya borders with Japanese Spigot mortars
Recompose your composition to sawdust
Time is breath; breath is life; life is light
Light is no less than capital 'C' on the mic
Beneath the mirage of night I'll attack you twice
Prepare to rig a sacrifice with my ritual rights
Reinforce my habitual likes 'n dislikes
Then diss you on the mic cause I'm sick o' the hype
No one's ever written what I write
Compare they calligraphy type
Tell me yo how can I not be nice
The royal semen of Caesar frozen in a cryofreezer
On sale for seven figures per milliliter
Lethally illegal; I speak to the people
In the form of an eagle on top of the Theves Cathedral
With boundless knowledge, like hairless dalai'lamas
With linen garments neatly wrapped around armpits
With monasteries in the mountains
Trumpets have already sounded
You can't denounce my crown bitch

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]

Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x4]

Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

[Canibus]

This game is Chinese chess, countless issues need to be addressed
Before the East nukes the West; totalitarianistic cause-'n-effect
"Run the words through a decompressor, recompress the depth"
Canibus is the most explosive next to meth
The inconsistency of the text, makes me complex
Pay attention to 'bis my intention is this
Leave you spatially adrift suspended in the abyss
Marijuana plant owner, smell my aroma
Contract scirrhous carcinoma and retinoblastoma
Confederate federal general the electric general
FCC omni-directional antenna poles
IFF, identification friend or foe
This areas restricted don't let 'em thru
He'll mock your style, rock you to the ground
With the bite force of a Sarcosuchus crocodile

Travel a fiber optic mile before you can smile
So don't ask me why, and don't ask how

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x2]
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

[Canibus]

Until I'm impressed with the print I can hear a pin drop like Sprint
Once it blends I can stop right then
Quantum coupling mechanisms and technical shit
Confuses you but I don't think your any less of a dick
Just define what is poetry and what is rap
I demonstrate how to effectively +Bridge the Gap+
The answer is simple in fact:
If the protons don't attack the retina, all we'd ever see is black
No ability, no extraocular motility
Silly emcees can't see me lyrically or visually
They'll never be better than me
I'll triple team 'em with a trinity severed to 3 and give 'em 9 enemies
Climb back to periscope depth in 2 hours
Surrender and throw in the towel
The amalgam of the ultimate album
This is (Spartibus) power *[echoes]*

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x4]
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

Canibus Lyrics

"Indisible"

[Canibus]

I translate images over the distance
Usually inflation premiss to the minus thirty-two second
Back to the Canibus era
My eponym is apparent
Those who hear my efforts gotta give me the merit
Off lyrics alone I'm a legend
But I can't take credit, the English language was not my invention
It's the way I put it together
The incorrect English editor
Can't nobody ever do it better
People forget but the history will remember
I plead guilty to the charge and accepted the sentence
Let the records show I resisted under the pressure
My short and precise to raise the measure

[Hook]

[Canibus]

Hip-hop forever
That's what I see when I look in the mirror
Regardless of whether I'm not a bestseller
I'm a first class spitter
The literal literature ripper
Painting pictures for intelligent listeners
From any and all dispositions
The fusion of what's written creates a fission called Canibus-ism
The intellectual division of science and religion
People waste their momentum trying to defend it
All I do it put it to ink then put it to print
See what you think, maybe I should speak to a shrink
I could fix the way they look at the world
They read all these books in a barrel
But they can't think for themselves
Self-contained, I'm all balls, belts and brains
Muslim strong 'cause no one ever help Germaine

[Hook]

[Canibus]

Observe the whole world's pain
And tell me you ain't tired of brain
The catholic faith will never be the same
You could be put in chains 'cause you got a Muslim name
Sent to Guantanamo Bay and tortured for days
Man, I'd rather buy some land and grow and orchard of grapes
Drink vegetable juice and stay away from steaks and shakes and snakes

These rancid corporations is fake
Nobody ever gives you what they already didn't take
 Invest the wake, you'll be broke till you break
Man you learn to pick a lock you wanna open a gate
 I mimic hater like flight simulators in air bases
Recovered from an adverted spinner, now I'm famous
 Those who respond to Rip the Jacker with hate
 Show poor taste and only exacerbate their fate
 MicClub.net, get it right motherfucker
 Get it right, get a mic

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Showtime At The Gallow"

This is Showtime at the Gallows

Rip The Jacker

Yo, I dialogue wit Amen-Ra 'til he gives me the nod
Or replaces me wit a supercomputer automaton
I don't barter for time I'm a martyr to rhymes
And a selfish soldier wit pride that was ordered to die
A burnin' star in the sky my heart is warped wit a drive
Expressin' thoughts through a rhyme my metaphors are alive
It's like I've been crucified they hate me now like Nas
They punctured me through my side the bleeding was cauterized
I was revived after I died
Only then I saw how I was truly admired and worshipped like a god
Shit'd mired up my mind they showed me a sign
I fell off the ocean liner someone throw me a line
Let the world know the truth but it became my demise
Mothafucka you know we even I don't owe you a dime
Sometimes I feel like killin' myself they've stolen my shine
I wanted to be the illest for a moment in time
From the ink to my pen to my pad to the ink in my arm
How can one diss song possibly last this long?
Tyson ain't the champ no more them days is gone
And Rip the Jacker ain't too stubborn to say when he's wrong

[HOOK]

I should get twenty dollars and go to Econolodge
And tie the sawed-off trigger around the doorknob
Call the police squad and tell them I'm in room one oh five
And that a dirty bomb's inside
Woke up in the cargo plane playin' Christy Lane
For some entertainment while I train in the misty rain
"One Day at a Time Sweet Jesus" is playin'
I'm sittin' there prayin' you prolly can't believe what I'm sayin'
But the voice in the back of my head keeps sayin' "Germaine
This is the real deal man this is not a dream this is not a game
The only sixteen you got from now on is locked
and loaded and in your hand
Deploy or detach on land you the man
And the pain is the weakness leavin' the body, understand?
I can reload wit a full pack call COMSAT
Tell them you need suppressive fire for troops in the back stat
Insurgence and counter-insurgence move wit a purpose
Absolutely mission critical you never get nervous
Applicate the shock tube to the surface
Standby blow it eyes open wit the scope on the terrorist
Tell him to go to hell in Arabic put a bullet through his narrow neck

Watch the wall behind him get wet
I'm an animal I'll murder you and stare at your pets
Get the tape I know where the surveillance cameras is kept

[HOOK]

If you want a confession? you got it
You want product? Gimme twenty dollars
You want gossip? I'll give you logic on any topic
Recordin' the positive data
Ripper's the best rapper go confirm the status
One million page dissertation written on paper
Cheap label from Pitney Bowes' tree curator
My purification process is greater
But thinly tapered verbatim
My album is equal to over fifty acres
Can-I-Bus before the Big Bang
And after the big crunch I only gotta say it once
Let there be light and I write a sentence
The greatest discovery since 'opethicus afarensis
Back to before Sumerians landed on the Cayman
In the Caribbean carryin' bacteria with antigens
And Nine-foot stone mannequins
The key to nuclear power and four delivered talaria
Showtime at the gallows the Age of Aquarius
And Space Harrier's life's last barrier

[HOOK]

Canibus Lyrics

"Psych Evaluation"

Yo

Some say the pen overpowers the sword
The video camera is just as powerful when it records
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables
To determine the motor coordination available
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster
Ressurect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

[HOOK]

The C-A-N dash I dash
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass
In half the speed of a bulb flash
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash
Only to be blown away by a cold draft
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?"
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"
It's a good thing I got patience
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations
Tryin' to figure out what made men
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

[HOOK]

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust
Yeah my disposition was rough
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter

I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster
And question my projected technique as a rapper
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid
Yo you wanna earn your respect, then come to micclub dot net
And see if you can impress the best

[HOOK]

Canibus Lyrics

"Cemantics"

Aight yo

Let's talk about the incredible rap flow

We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau

See it comes to me natural

One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful

I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee

Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis

In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes

The game is very politicized

Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds

Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes

Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try

In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die

[Chorus]

If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been duped

They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup

See the mouse?, grab it

Edit the edges with Avid

Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit

You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness

Please, try to interpret the following passage

Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics

Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it

It's on when the crowd is cheering me on

Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong

Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong

In a single file line, stretched out a mile long

Thermodynamics of the second law

Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder

Across the dry desert in the featureless sand

Water is secondary to the meaning of man

I know but I won't tell

There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells

Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits

That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music

[Chorus]

The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with

I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?

Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print

My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink

Man, give me a drink

What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks

Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz

If you percieve something to be real maybe it is
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed
Send them to school, put them in special Ed
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge
The philosophy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block
And attempt to talk to rocks
In the projects where they harvest the human crop
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamaican ghetto
You deserve a Congressional medal
My heart goes out to all the young bloods
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of
From the first to the twelfth month
I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes
Was invincible on the mic when I held one
My motto was to blaze all and spare none
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void
Mic Club come holla at your boy

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate II"

[Sampled Intro: same outro from Poet Laureate]

Uhh I dont understand how a writer could ever get writer's block, so called
My problem is having too much.. and being unable to get it down...

[Canibus]

Yo, why is the ripper so ill?

That would be a unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal!

He said "One of these days, all eyes would be on me

when they look up in the sky and see the neon C"

Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased
in glass with an ion beam for longevity

For more then 10 centuries, impressions and memories

the first time the machine inventor will mention me

Canibus was a visionary indeed

he believed light could travel in multiples of C

The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries
of Clan Calusa with 2 blue metric rulers

Liked Cool J, but thought Stephen J. Gould was cooler
and he never liked to propagate rumors

Smoked Canary Island cigars

liked America, luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads

He had a strong mind, he used to philosophize
about rhymes while he was pruning his Banzai

He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time
but he would never take it out his archives

He wrote 2 songs per day

and was constantly was experimenting with his wordplay
In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky survey

he got an F but he deserved an A

I followed his career from the first day

it seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways

I seen him pull in 24 hour workdays

with deferred pay, undeterred by the word "shame"

Public humiliation was the worst pain

he was spinnin out of control like a class 5 hurricane

He said he wouldn't want another MC to suffer the same

Especially when there's nothing to gain

He was the illest alive but nobody would face it

he spit till his toungue was too torched to taste, it

properly funded corporations carbon dated his latest creations
to extract the information

They found it utterly amazing

they claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting

Never mattered to him, the art galleries hated him

cause Thomas K.K. called, said he would take 10

Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language
with sound but without shape or signature

Kept files in his garage, on MS-DOS
in a fire-proof pod, he thought it was odd
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock
he apparently kept more wax then Madame Tussaud's
We were in total awe, cause it blew our minds
so many rhymes that were intricately designed
He WAS Poet Laureate of his time
and if you dont mind, Id like to share some of his rhymes

[beat switches]

Alone in my room, looking thru the 32X telescope zoom
adjusting the focus of the moon
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume
is nothing more then a subjective conclusion
What is the maximum field rate application?
the run away glaciation surrounding the ocean basin
affects the population, fluctuation
on a continuous basis but thats just the basics
The juxtaposition of Canibus's position
the precision something no other has written
Way above and beyond what was intended
the unparallel Malleable annunciation of a sentence
You didnt go to college obviously
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology
A remarkable odyssey, the rhymes of modern speeds
when the brain orders the body not to breathe
Incompetency is not up to speed, you not in my league
you couldnt possibly be hotter then me
Or oppositely your minus 25 degrees, you'd squeeze
but the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please
my intellectual properties are about the size of Greece
Your counselor advised you not to speak
my counselor advised me to keep rhymin until they stopped the beat
In the words of Joseph Heller, "I learned how to write better"
even though it sort of urked me
He said he didnt understand the process of the imagination
but he felt he was at its mercy
Which exploits my point perfectly and certainly reinforces
the reason why nobody's probably ever heard of me
Couldnt understand what I mean by ill
unless you try to translate what I print to film
This is the line of will, the circle of time
the cycle of eternity, the emergence of 1 line
Academic phonetics render critics toungue-tied
Ive personified dry humor of cum-laude alumni
A wise man sees failure as progress
a fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic
And loses his soul in the process
obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content
My style is masterful, multi-lateral
I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel

Words of scorn are a disasterous tool
from an existentialist's view, I'm a better rapper then you
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in 2
my attitude is fucked up but abrogable
Different methods interpreted into different forms
from entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms
Not to spit in the palm theres much more involved
theres much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve
48 orders of mechanical laws
and rays of creational cause, enhance the cadence of my bars
Maybe I am self-obsorbed
but thats the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R
Today is what it is, but only because yesterday was what it was
permitting you heard of Beezlebub
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club
with the DJ doing the needle rub
Chances are you'll never see me son
yeah I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub

[beat switches]

I came to holla at some big booty bitches
and listen to the speakers thump, where you get conceited from?
Im so nice on the mic, they wanna beat me up
its deep as fuck, I ain't seen it all but I've seen enough
Really unbelievable stuff
theres a lot of times where I wanna speak but I'm stuck
I should leave this rap shit alone
and kick my incredible in rhymes in the privacy of my own home
My imagination is my own
delibity to speak to freely lyrically on the microphone
Wit a pen in my hand, I bring motion to the enyogram
and become "Cani-millenia man"
Grave my back with the emperor's stamp
been spittin scientific rap since the 17th century began
Tryna' escape the wicked empire of Def Jam
and the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang
Every warrior has an axe to bury
but he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary
I said to myself, "Germaine this is insane
It's suicide its controlled flight into terrain"
I fought to regain, control of the plain, but went up in a ball of flames
and got banned from the hip-hop hall of fame
For two bars I kept hearin in my head
over and over again, it cost me everything

[beat changes back to the original beat]

I'm convinced now that more then truth is at stake
Where people create language that pretends to communicate
Euphamisms are misunderstood as mistakes
but its a bi-product of the ghetto music we make
From an extroverted point of view I think its to late

Hip Hop has never been the same since '88
Since it became a lucrative profession as a misconception
in the movement in any direction as progression
Even though of the potency of it lessens
big money industries writing checks to suppress the question
And nobody gives a fuck no more, no one goes to the book store
ever since the influence of Moore's Law
But I stay in the lab, like Niels Bohr
his son Aage, Edward Lawrence, and Leo Szilard
Lyrically I take rap music and turn the knob
to the right full throttle and added panache
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth?
That's like me telling myself don't tell me what to do
Dialysis and analyses of battle MC's
sometimes I say things I myself can't believe
My lyrical is so skillfully elliptical
I can understand how it makes you miserable
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me
or why I keep my studio shrouded in secrecy
You wonder what's my infatuation with Alicia Keyes
"Canibus why don't you speak to me?"
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me
That's why I said it so vehemently
You need to replace the hate with respect
I'm probably the best yet, Poet Laureate!!!

[Sampled outro]

Generally I take.. I go with the given..
ya know with what comes to me .. over the celestial wireless ..
whenever it comes, you're lucky when you get it..